

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Vol. VIII.]

OCTOBER, 1848.

[No. II.]

THE STUDENT:

A NOVEL, FOUNDED ON FACT.

INTRODUCTION.

CONSIDERATE READER.—In the composition of this voluminous work, we have endeavoured to follow a plan, originally adopted through the most magnanimous generosity by our elder Roman-cers, which forbidding the author to monopolize the whole train of thought his subject might suggest, allowed the Reader to think and imagine a little for himself, and was styled the suggestive method. Modern writers, in their attempts at an imitation of it, have overshot the mark, by becoming so parsimoniously selfish of their ideas and treasuring them up so miserly, that their patrons, even after the strictest scrutiny, can find nothing in their huge folios but—words. Whether success shall crown our humble but praiseworthy effort, is a matter of little consideration to

Your obedient servant,

JEDEDIAH JACKLEGATE.

VOLUME FIRST.

THE STUDENT—AT HOME.

[Chapters to be regulated by the experience of the reader.]

“Truth,
My lord—good, honest truth, though tucked
In ragged gear.”—OLD PLAY.

As most tale-tellers, now-a-days, commence their story by in-

forming the reader, that upon such or such a time, in such or such a place, such or such a personage was visible, so we, in accordance with this most popular introduction, would communicate to you the astounding intelligence that upon a certain evening of November of the year 1845, might have been seen wrapped in a morning gown of variegated muslin, comfortably esconced in a well-cushioned rocking chair, with his feet firmly planted in the remains of two old slippers securely nailed against the waisting of the fire-place, Terry Tilston, the hero of this veritable history. He was at home, by which expression we mean at College, and seated in his sanctum, which though not furnished with the finical paraphernalia of the modern study, was amply provided with a quantity of high-backed chairs, an antiquated book-case, clumsy-legged table and heavy-posted bedstead—household reliques of a past generation, which having once adorned the abode of the wealthy, have yielded to the encroachments of fashion and now can seldom be found save in the shanty of the pauper or shop of the pawn-broker. Now Terry being somewhat of a virtuoso instituted the most indefatigable research as to who could have been their original possessors, which leading him back to the days of the Revolution, his patriotism overcame his curiosity and he contented himself with the consoling conclusion that they must have been the property of a Hero or the progenitors of a Hero. Often when alone, as he gazed upon these sombre mementos would he indulge in possibilities and probabilities, as for instance "Perhaps, before this table sat some General poring over the plan of the next day's battle, upon this desk was signed and sealed some warrant of death, in these chairs were seated the members of a war-council or court-martial and on this stead some warrior breathed his last."

He was an enthusiastic admirer of those early times, not only because they "tried men's souls" but because then, men were what they seemed to be, and did not, (as most of the present do) bear a striking similitude to that remarkable little animal of the Irishman, with the account of which you are all well acquainted. He believed among other things, that the student was or should be a totally different individual from the man of the world, that

he should feel a pride in the dignity of his privileges, a pride which counterjumpers and tinkers cannot feel. He therefore repudiated that etiquette, which would impose upon all gentlemen indiscriminately the necessity of being constantly on a splurge, and discovered his contempt for it by never indulging in such unbecoming extravagance. He was of the opinion, that to each particular class, belonged or should belong a characteristic dress—that the beau or millionaire might parade about in broad cloth, silks and patent-leathers and flirt in his hand the consumptive looking, gold-tipped whalebone, but to the student the morning gown, smoking cap and slippers were the proper wardrobe, and should the luxury of a cane be desired, the serviceable crooked neck hickory. He was no friend to that mongrel race—that equivocal sect of “How are you, fellows?” in their room, but “Good morning, gentlemen?” in the street, for he regarded them as too vain to be simon-pure students and too proud to acknowledge themselves anything else.

He believed too, that Colleges were a necessary evil, that they were founded for the double purpose of teaching a person how to begin to learn and of affording him an opportunity of passing the May-time of life in as an agreeable and jovial a manner as possible: that those lexicographers, who defined a student to be “a man given wholly to books or a bookish man,” or those dramatists who described him “pale, haggard, with bow-back and sunken eye” did not refer to Undergraduates, or if they did, they had not quite such an accurate idea of the character, as Hamlet professed to have of “the difference between a hawk and a handsaw” when the wind was southerly. In pursuance of which belief during the day, he might have been found assiduously digging among Greek roots—toiling over mathematical crags and peaks or wading through metaphysical mires, but when “night threw her sable mantle o’er the earth,” he became “hail fellow well met” for a frolic or a fuss. Many a time were seen issuing from his room, a mysteriously muffled crowd harbouring no kindly intentions towards the live stock of the neighbouring farmers—thence, those designing one of the entries of Old North as a racing ground, started in quest of the blooded nags, there was digested the plan

of barring out, which afforded such infinite amusement to the participators and there assembled those selected to execute it. In fact his sanctum was the rendezvous of all midnight rovers and midnight revellers, and Terry was esteemed by all fortunate enough to have made his acquaintance, a paragon of perfection.

Upon the evening in question, he was seated as we have described him, regaling himself with a highly flavoured "Plantation," and as he watched the smoke wreathing itself in graceful columns to the ceiling and spreading out a miniature cloud, he looked the very picture of content. Upon what subject he was musing, we know not—but certain it is his meditations were, about this time, interrupted by a knock at his door accompanied by the accustomed "Hallo."

"Hallo," bawled out Terry—not changing his position.

The door opened, and in stalked four as jovial looking fellows as the Institution at that time contained within its walls.

"Hillo, boys, draw up your chairs and take a segar," said Terry welcoming them, "and Felt, while you're up, just throw another log upon the fire, and let's have a blaze."

"Where are fowls, Terry?" inquired Charley Wilkes, raking with the tongs after a live coal, with which to light his segar.

"Coming," was the reply, "don't be in a hurry."

"And the Instigator" interrupted Felt.

"Asleep under the sofa, don't wake him up yet, or he will be incorrigible, before the eatibles arrive," expostulated Terry.

"Incorrigible!" indignantly ejaculated Felt. "Nonsense! you must consider us green horns. A single pull will only raise the mercury of our spirits to a sociable temperature."

"Stop, Felt, stop," exclaimed Wilkes, "no philosophical allusions, mercury! temperature! that smells of the recitation-room, and will require a little "Second proof" to render it palatable, so wake him up."

Terry complied; each glass soon blushed with its rosy contents and Felt was about proposing a sentiment, when a low tap interrupted him. The Instigator and tumblers mysteriously disappeared under the table, each one wheeled his chair towards the fire, and awaited the issue with an air of the most unsophisticated innocence.

Terry walked softly to the door, stopped and listened for a little while, then turning the key, exclaimed, "bring them in and put them on the table."

A servant appeared carrying in his hand a small tin-bucket, from which arose a savoury flavour, and disposing of it as directed, pedestrianated at once.

"There they are, boys," said Terry, taking off the lid of the afore-mentioned vessel, " piping hot, so pass along your plates and let's begin operations."

"Not yet," opposed Wilkes, "not yet, the sentiment first, the chickens afterwards."

Each glass was again in hand; but while Felt was collecting his ideas, which had been deranged by the arrival of the more substantial portion of the supper, Terry leaning forward, whispered, "Hush, I hear some one in the entry."

Anxiety was pictured upon every face; a slight step was indubitably heard; it approached the door, a tap was given, and then some one from without, in an authoritative tone, calling "Mr. Tilston, Mr. Tilston."

"Jump out of the window, fellows, we're caught," generously muttered Terry.

"Mr. Tilston, open this door, I command you."

Terry seeing his friends safely out, obeyed, when, in walked an officer of the College.

"Good evening sir," said Terry.

"Good evening," responded the officer looking around him.

There was no room to quibble, the glasses—which in the hurry of the moment had not been secreted—stood upon the table, staring them in the face. He was convicted by his own witnesses and magnanimously pleaded guilty. The officer departed: nothing farther was heard of the affair, until the following Monday, when Terry received a polite invitation to attend a meeting of the Faculty, and was advised to take a trip for the benefit of his health, which had been impaired by burning "the midnight lamp."

Tuesday evening found him on the road to New York.

SONNET.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Stop the great sun when he hath clomb to noon;
 Still the low murmur of the panting breeze;
 Silence the flutter of the leafy trees;
 Let not the seas obey the changeless moon;
 Stop Nature's hand when she hath crowned young June;
 Curb the swift brooks; the falling waters freeze
 To ice impending. All earth's harmonies—
 The thund'rous roaring, and the whispered tune
 Hush to repose. That not a sense may chime
 Reverberant echoing the melody
 In which man hears the passing foot of Time.
 A pure Intelligence, from sense set free,
 Stand mid the whole—all-seeing, calm, sublime,
 And thou hast emblem'd vast Eternity.

VOICES OF EVENING.

Inscribed to Miss H. A. L. of B——

Hear ye not low strains of music
 On the lambent air afloat,
 Like the soul-subduing pathos
 From Eolian harp-strings brought?

Deeper, louder swells the cadence,
 As the winds of evening blow,
 Sweeter sound those silvery breathings
 As upon the gale they flow.

Tell me, evening's gentle goddess,
 Luna called in heaven above,
 Flinging round thy sombre radiance
 Where the stars in ether move;

Tell me whence come evening's voices,
 From the earth or spangled sky,
 Or from bright embodied spirits
 Far beyond heaven's canopy?

Come they from some pealing organ
 As the vesper hymn is sung,
 Or from some suspended lyre
 To enrapturing music strang?

Come they from some gentle spirit
Hov'ring o'er this sombre scene,
Whisp'ring to the silent list'ner
Sounds of wo or bliss, I ween?

Ask not whence come evening's voices,
From the depths within the soul
Deeper far than seas unfathomed
Do these tremulous murmurings roll.

P. B.

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

THE mention of this Republican Historian sends a thrill of pride through every American heart. Monarchists ever ready to find fault with Republicanism, have been furnished in our Literature, with a subject, for the keenest satire. We have been reminded of our dependance on the "Mother Country" and sneeringly asked why this is so. Our affected friends with a patronizing air, disgusting beyond, what satire can be, have assumed to prove our right in British Classics. These reproaches are the more humiliating, that they are to a degree just. It cannot be denied that in our country genius has been much fettered, its flights checked and repressed by its ever terrible antagonist, Want. Under all its disadvantages the American mind is expected to compete with those who bask in the sunshine of power; whose spirits soar untrammelled by necessity. It is not too much to say, that this expectation, long proved vain. The literary genius of our country instead of taking bold, original and adventurous flights, was content to follow the beaten pathway. The man of letters stooped to lay the foundation of his efforts in the leavings of esteemed authors, and our people disgusted with the sickly productions of our own, turned their attention to English writers. The sycophants of power were not long in discovering our embarrassment, and loudly proclaimed that Royalty was the light of literature, but their triumph was short lived.

Republican genius could not long be dependant, and what was

its reproach is fast passing away. Even the arrogant Englishman would scarce think of asking us at this day, where is your literature? In the department of history we excel. Prescott the historian of the new world, stands at present unrivalled—the founder of a new order of history. In his *Ferdinand and Isabella*, and *the Conquests of Mexico and Peru*, he has beautifully blended what was before deemed incapable of union. Macaulay was not the first to demand “men and women,” an insight into the character of the people, as well as the parade of theories of government, battles and sieges. But experience has demonstrated that the demand is more easily made than met. The historian dare not league with the novelist lest his work become too voluminous. Prescott alone, meets this difficulty, and in doing so, becomes the greatest of living historians. We know, that in saying this, we say much. Of the historians of the present day, by far the greater number is claimed by the old world, and some of these are possessed of a reputation, both distinguished and deserved. Of this class, Thiers may perhaps be reckoned first. His French Revolution is an exciting and interesting narrative. His powers of description and delineation are rare. The false steps of the government, the indecision and vacillation of the court in the hour of trial—the sometimes heroic deportment of the queen and the imbecility of the king are set forth in a manner most calculated to strike the imagination. Napier, too, ranks high; his power to portray is unsurpassed. He does not tell you that his characters are great, but shows you that they are so. Under the guidance of his pen, Ney, Massena, Soult and Wellington pass in review before you. You see the greatness and the foibles of each. We admit the powers of these historians. We do not say they have left their task incomplete, but still there seems something wanting. We wish some Walter Scott to glean after them. Prescott needs no novelist to follow his footsteps; we rise from the perusal of his works satisfied. Everything is woven in his narrative that we require and its several parts are so beautifully blended as to form one harmonious whole. The lover of romance finds in his histories the same qualities that afford him pleasure in works of fiction. The pleasing style, and the

power of exciting interest in the fate of his characters which has given celebrity to the novelist have been rendered by Prescott subservient to the historian. This is especially exemplified in his *Ferdinand and Isabella*. The reader of this work almost fancies himself perusing a fictitious narrative, with Isabella as the heroine. The incidents and misfortunes attending the early life of this princess, the heroic firmness she displayed as difficulties thickened around her, her purity and simplicity as well as the real dignity of her character are so set forth as to inspire us with the strongest sympathy in her fate. In this state of the feelings we peruse her history, moved by the same hopes and fears which influence her. Our interest increases, as her advancement increases her responsibility. With trembling joy we follow her through a succession of perils until amid the acclamations of the multitude she is crowned queen of Castile. It would seem that we might here rest satisfied in her security. But not so; the enmity that slumbers, when it might oppose with success, wakes when its opposition is vain. Scarcely does her reign commence when all Castile seems rife with sedition and our fears are awakened for the safety of our heroine by wide spread rebellion against her government. We again exult in her wondrous energy that braves successfully outward force and inward faction, and follow her with continually increasing interest through the whole period of her eventful reign. Here ends the business of the novelist. But our historian goes farther than any novelist, to our knowledge, has gone in unfolding the hidden mysteries of society. The pride and chivalric honour of the Castilian, his heroic virtues and dark vices are portrayed with such unerring skill, that we seem put in the possession of the key to all his actions. Nor does he stop here, but unfolds to us the whole plan of the government, discovers the wiles and intrigues of the council chamber, and by blending the history of the people with the history of the Government, completes his task to our entire satisfaction. In the conquests of Mexico and Peru, his exquisite tact in giving the key to the events which he is about to relate is exemplified.

Previous to entering upon a direct history of the conquests, we are made acquainted with the exact condition of things in the

Aztec and Peruvian empires. The overreaching policy of the Aztec emperors—the character of the various nations they endeavored to consolidate in one, their unsuccessful efforts to unite these in harmony of sentiment, and the general belief in the coming of a superior race of beings by whom the Aztec dynasty should be overturned, are facts so related as to enable us, if not to anticipate the result of a conflict between a few hundred Spaniards and a powerful empire, at least to account for it when exhibited. The subjugation of the Aztecs afforded a wide scope for Prescott's genius, and were we required to give preference to either of his histories, we should assign it to the conquest of Mexico. There seems to have been something noble in the ambition of Cortes, and his followers were many of them high born cavaliers whose rank entitled them to the command of armies. The extraordinary nature of their exploits united with their devotion to the cross reminds one of Richard Cœur De Leon and the days of chivalry. The resistance of the Aztecs, though encumbered by their superstitious dread of "the foreigners," was still worthy of a people who knew something of their rights and were accustomed to responsibility. In recounting the successive events of this struggle in which were displayed on both sides such intrepid gallantry and heroic resolution, Prescott has been in his element, uniting, as it would seem, the enthusiasm of the cavalier with the rigidity of the historian. The conquest of Peru was an affair of a different complexion. The ambition of Pizarro was of the most sordid kind, and his followers were composed mostly of men of low origin united with a few broken down cavaliers. This band in the dignity of its character, appearance and purpose was far inferior to that which effected the subjugation of Mexico. The Peruvians, as described by the historian, at the first sight seem to have been a brave and warlike race, capable of making a gallant struggle for their liberties. But when we reflect upon the character given to their government which is that of a mild but far-reaching despotism, assuming the regulation of the most trifling matters connected with society, we are not surprised that a people who had no occasion for the exercise of their mental faculties and were deprived of all responsibility, should act, when for

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the first time called to act, with indecision and without effect. The result of the contest forced upon them by the Spaniards was such as we might have been led to anticipate. The difficulty of imparting interest to the history of a contest (if such it may be termed) characterized upon the one side by the most rapacious cruelty, and on the other by almost passive submission, must be seen at a glance. Yet here the skill of the historian has proved equal to his task. The ready tact, the indomitable energy and intrepidity of the conquerors in overcoming obstacles are forced in some measure to atone for the inhumanity and extreme selfishness which deprives them of the reputation of honorable cavaliers, while the passive endurance of the conquered is made an apology for the lack of active courage. When the conquest is effected we look with the poor native not without concern upon the bloody strife over the spoils. We witness the vengeance that overtakes the conqueror and when we again wish the scene to change, the work is closed by an apt illustration of the superiority of the moral over the physical. An unpretending priest is introduced, who unarmed and unattended, subverts the authority of Gonzales Pizarro and gives peace and harmony to this portion of the new world. We hail Prescott with pride for what he has done for the literature of our country, but chiefly for what he has done for history. He has shown that what have been deemed extremes may meet. From henceforth the compiler of facts will scarce secure a reading for his researches, while the true historian will be looked up to with still greater reverence.

W. B.

FRAGMENTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Tis sad to see the aged sink
Into the long deferred grave,
Though oft they've tottered on its brink
And life hath ebb'd out wave by wave.
But the heart sickens and the warm blood chills
To see the young—the fair the gay,
When hope with light the future fills,
Snatched by the hand of Death away.

She lies upon her dying bed,
 All faded yet most fair ;
 Death hath for her no sting, no dread
 She sees no terror there.
 She mourns that she must leave him now,
 The idol of her heart ;
 She gazes on his saddened brow,
 And weeps that they must part.
 She speaks of other, brighter homes
 In the blue heavens above,
 Where death and sin can never come ;
 Where all is truth and love.
 And then a fearful shadow stole,
 Like darkness o'er her fleeting soul.

" Ali, when I am dead and gone,
 And o'er my lonely grave,
 The evening breezes softly moan,
 And tall wild flowers wave ;
 When this poor form once full of life,
 Lies mould'ring in the dust,
 Thou'lt not forget thy youthful wife,
 Thou'lt not forget—I trust.
 Perchance another then may reign,
 O'er thoughts that once were mine,
 Thy soul will never seek again,
 Its desolated shrine.

" Oh ! speak not thus, it wrings my heart,
 That breaketh now for thee,
 Oh ! is't not grief enough to part,
 Add not to misery !
 And dost thou think that to this breast,
 Where oft thy cheek was laid,
 Another form will e'er be pressed,
 All thought of thee betrayed.
 No ! I will linger sadly here,
 All desolate of heart,
 My soul concentrated in that sphere,
 Where I will dream thou art.
 And I will long and pray for death
 To lead me to thy side"——
 She blessed him with her parting breath,
 And on his bosom died.
 How motionless and still she lies,
 That maiden once all light,
 Dimmed is the fire that lit her eyes
 In death's eternal night,
 The rose that tinged her youthful cheek
 Is withered now for ever,
 Her ruby lips no more will speak,
 The words of love, oh ! never.
 And on her brow,
 The tear-drops now

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Fall by her lover shed;
'Tis all in vain,
Weep not again,
Nought can awake the dead.

NO. II.

Oh! 'tis a bitter trial here,
When those who loved us proved untrue,
When those who were so fond, so dear,
Round whom imagination threw
Its halo bright; who seemed so pure,
That thoughts of us must ever dwell,
Within their hearts as doth endure
Old ocean's murmur in the shell;
Forget the vows they madly swore,
And leave us all alone to die,
Like weeds cast on the desert shore,
When ocean's tempest hurries by.
But when for them we've perilled soul,
And deeply sinned that they might smile,
And drank of vice's poisoned bowl,
Enchanted by their witching wile,
And they forsake us, they who lured
Us on to deeds we fear to speak,
Then, then, is grief's last vial poured,
Then must the proudest spirit break.

NO. III.

How sweet the first embrace of Love,
How rapturous its earliest kiss,
Oh! who would long for worlds above,
If earth knew more such hours of bliss,
To know we're loved, to know the heart
That beats so wildly against ours
Is of our own another part,
Is there such joy in Eden's bowers?
But life's a dream and love is fleeting
It blooms, it blossoms to decay,
Oft when our hearts are warmest beating
He spreads his wings and speeds away.

MOTHER GOOSE.*

We hope the public will not accuse us of temerity in our poor endeavours to set before them the beauties of such a well known

* *Mother Goose's Melodies.* New York. Edward Danigan. 137 Fulton Street.

authoress as Mother Goose. The disuse into which her works have fallen, has undoubtedly arisen from the same false taste superinduced by increasing enlightenment, which allows the inimitable productions of Chaucer and Spenser to lie unregarded upon the shelf. The Canterbury Tales, *Farie Queen* and *Melodies*, those three great pioneers of the English language, after having opened the way through the dark forests of thought, are now cast aside as cumbrous appendages, impeding the mind in its race to perfectibility. Many are the reasons that may be assigned for this abominable neglect, the world is growing older, the modern literati are making giant efforts to hew out for themselves new paths for the exercise of their mental powers, they scorn to borrow the assistance of what they style the darker ages, and think, if they acquiesce in the eulogies which centuries have pronounced on these productions, the debt of gratitude is paid, with interest. They are content with the judgment of contemporaries and immediate successors, and learnedly join in the popular praise of they know not what. 'Tis a common thing to hear men bestow the most extravagant encomiums upon Homer, Virgil, Petrarch, and a host of others, with the vernacular tongue of whom, they are as totally ignorant, as we are of the original Hibernian. Poets, more than any other class of literaries, have been measured by this guage, since all men not being able to appreciate or even understand this peculiar species of composition, seek to cover their imbecility, by herding with the more liberally gifted.

Poetry has ever been styled "the language of the passions," but modern bards having been misled by the definition, have each formed a jargon for themselves, and clothing transcendental nothingness in its unseemly tissue, leave us to discover not *what* the idea is, but *where* it is. Simplicity is the diction of passion, and therefore we admire it in verse, if there is a truth to be told, if there is a maxim to be inculcated, why flit around it like the wily sophist? A blow struck obliquely loses half its force. This is a prominent feature in the writings of Mother Goose, we do not find puny thoughts enshrined in loud sounding words, but weighty ideas dressed in the lowliest garb that poesy puts on. Possessed of a wonderful versatility of talent, the charm of variety continually

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engages the mind of the reader; he is hurried from the scantiest pauperism, to the most lavish luxury, from kings to beggars, from palaces to huts, with almost incredible rapidity, and although treating of themes so directly opposed to one another, her sentiment never becomes barren. Each line teems with solid thoughts, and teaches the wisest lesson humanity can learn for "the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;" and the sages of the world may gather instruction equally profitable to both, and this perhaps is the greatest compliment that can be paid to an author.

In reviewing her poems, in order that we may form a true estimate of their merit, it will be necessary to take into consideration the troublous times in which she flourished, for that she wrote during the reigns of Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II., is established beyond all controversy. We will not tell you of the illegal exactions, the trial, the execution of the one, the arrogance, intrigue and tyranny of the other, or the effeminate luxury of the third, for they are not only familiar to the minds of all, but will be brought out, during our review, in connection with the effusion in reference to them.

Of her early history, little is known, more than is connected with her literary efforts, the biographer before us states (upon what authority we know not) that she was a neglected child, "when in the morning her sisters were immersed in water, she was baptized with switches, when holiday presents were given to the more beautiful, she was regarded with frowns." That during the latter period of her life, her condition was truly deplorable, can be sufficiently gathered from that pathetic sonnet,

"There was an old woman, she lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;"

Though the language is slightly figurative, it conveys in the most forcible manner, the utter destitution of her lot. The idea of so pre-eminent a genius, being in such a critical dilemma, that "she didn't know what to do," is a thought too infinitely vast for the mind of man to compass. Many in such a situation would have abandoned themselves to tears, or sought relief in the suicidal act, but not so with our authoress, for the remedy which she produces in the remaining couplet of this truly great effusion shows her superior to misfortune.

Writing at a time when the degraded subject began to doubt the infallible sovereignty of a monarch, she assumed the daring position of proclaiming independence and liberality, of urging a renunciation of the absolute power of the purple and the ermine. In *her* Cromwell found a most indispensable coadjutor, and earnest advocate, and the keen edge of her satire was turned against the anointed head of Charles, in that virulent invective, commencing

"Little Charley had a dog,
And puppy was his name,"

setting forth the childishness of the King. But as time blunts the point of satire, we can only judge of its poignancy by the effect produced. The historian tells us that upon reading it, the Stuart fell into a fit of melancholy, relinquished his cause, delivered himself up to his enemies, and requested a public execution at their hands. After the end sought had been gained, and a commonwealth had been established, being convinced that Cromwell, her former patron, was struggling but to satisfy his insatiable ambition and incensed at his insulting the nation with his Barebone Parliament, her uncompromising patriotism, again roused her mind in the full maturity of strength, in that biting lampoon,

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;"

This so affected the Protector, that he immediately reorganized his parliament, and his "Secret Biographer" publishes the fact, that he stabbed his private secretary for daring to repeat in his presence, the word "Hark," and that when time was about laying his palsyng finger upon him, when writhing in the agonies of death, his last words were "Hark! Hark!" The movements of the exiled prince next attracted her attention, and finding him travelling here and there in quest of pleasure, she ridiculed such conduct, in that witty effusion,

"Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither dost thou wander?"

After the restoration, the change which the licentious court of Charles II. affected upon the old, puritanical customs, again excited her indignation, and she lashed the profligacy of royalty and nobility in,

"Little King Boggens he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;"

and the debauchery in

"Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his breeches on,
One stocking off, and one stocking on;
Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John."

The state which a gentleman must be in when he selects such an inappropriate costume, needs no comment.

Nor were the fair sex exempted from her scourge, the poem

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the Queen."

Is doubtless a reflection upon "La Belle Stewart" afterwards Duchess of Richmond, who being extravagantly fond of cats upon her death-bed bequeathed them to her friends, with legacies for their support. Now being a maid of honour, to Catharine, the consort of Charles, it would be unnatural, did she not bequeath one of the fairest tabbies to her Royal mistress. Sufficient for the satirical, let us now turn our attention to other species of her productions. The first, we notice, shall be the dramatic, a single fragment of which is alone extant, but which so strikingly sets forth the utter poverty of the royal army, that we cannot refrain from giving it in full.

Hostess of the Golden Spoon—Who comes here.

Corporal in His Majesty's forty-first regiment of infantry—A Grenadier.

Hostess of the Golden Spoon—(SNAPPISHLY)—What do you want?

Corporal in His Majesty's forty-first regiment of infantry—(SMACKING HIS LIPS)—A pot of beer!!

Hostess of the Golden Spoon—(ENQUIRINGLY)—Where's your money?

Corporal in His Majesty's forty-first regiment of infantry—(FEELING IN ALL HIS POCKETS)—That's forgot.

Hostess of the Golden Spoon—(IN A TRANSPORT OF RAGE)—Get you gone, you drunken sot!

Yet even from such high flights as these, we often find her

descending to the level of the common mind, and bandying wit about in the most lavish profusion, as

"There was an old man, and he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall and put him on the wall,
And that's all."

Like other great literary characters, she enjoyed the advantage of foreign travels, serving in a subordinate capacity, and it was during this period, while sojourning in France, that she published in the language of the country, the following impressive Rhapsody.

"Digerie, Digerie, Doge,
Le rat ascend l'horloge;
L'horloge, frappe,
Le rat s'eschappe,
Digerie, Digerie, Doge."

The imitative harmony, in this wonderful production has never been equalled.

We fain would lay before our readers, other of her poems; but must pause. Before parting, however, we cannot help expressing the hope that every periodical in the land will join in the noble cause of rescuing from oblivion, the sublime effusions of our modern Sappho. We trust we may live to see the day, when from those that sit in the high seats of the nation, even unto they that traffic in molasses candy, shouts of applause shall re-echo to the muse of Mother Goose

"Harem scarem! diddle ding day;
Here's a rumpus, what's to pay!"

SANCHO.

THOUGHTS ON PARTING.

Light is the laugh and gay the jest,
Which ever now I hear,
Yet harshly on the soul oppress
Fall sounds of careless cheer.
Tho' in my study's solitude
I pond'ring sit the while,
My thoughts, my thoughts, are far remov'd
Many a weary mile.

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I think of thee, that soon we part
Perchance to meet no more,
And sadder thoughts steal o'er my heart,
Where all was gloom before.
Ah! when to thee I say farewell!
The mournful'st word we know,
My grief, what tongue could ever tell
Or bard portray my woe.

When for the last time thee I've seen
And heard thee breathe my name,
And left thee with a sadden'd mien
Ah! ne'er to meet again.
Then wilt thou when I'm far away,
In sunny southern vale,
Remember him who'll love alway,
With love that ne'er can fail.

Methinks I'll hear thy gentle sigh
When these sad lines thou'lt see,—
Oh! ne'er let tears bedew thine eye,
When thou dost think of me.
I'd have thee think of by-gone time
With smiles upon thy brow,
And speak of him in distant clime,
In accents soft and low.

And I'll strive too my heart to glad,
Nor grieve for what's to come;
Nor will I cherish thoughts so sad,
But banish all my gloom.
And if perchance this humble strain
Should sorrow o'er thee cast,
Forget, I pray thee! one who'd fain
Adore thee to the last.

PRIOR.

THE POET PAINTER COLE.

The true principles of landscape painting, have ever been the same in theory, since the palette and the canvass were invented. But, if critics are to be believed, none of the great masters of the ancient schools of painting, ever succeeded in *entirely* divesting themselves of the false views which have prevailed in every age, of these acknowledged principles. The great Claude seems to have been the first who "studied Nature for her own sake." Seizing the elements of the creed itself, he sent forth a ray of

light, which though feeble, broke away the clouds which had so long capped the mountain tops, and dispelled the mist which had shrouded the loveliness of the vales. But, when not content with the boundless beauty of Nature itself, he sought to clothe her with the ideal, he, too, went beyond those principles which cannot be exceeded with safety or success. The little, which Titian and Tintoret attempted in this department of the art, has at least secured to them a high rank, as grasping powerfully the chief points, though with too little regard for essential details. The bold, free pencil of Rubens, which almost raised the art to its true position, was still so thoughtless as to paint a rainbow by the side of the sun. And whether we examine the merits of the German, the Flemish, or the Venetian schools, we find none who have *pursued* the truthful *mean*, between the fearless, ideal grandeur of Tintoret and the contracted correctness of Cuyp or Poussin. But we may not speak too freely of the dead masters of this noble art, we will not as some do, accuse them of seeking to display their own powers at the expense of nature, for we believe their faults were honest, resulting from other causes than wilful error. Of the moderns, the highest claims have been put forth for Turner, as having caught the thread which had so long been floating in the labyrinth, and as being "the only perfect landscape painter the world has ever seen." But the enthusiasm which for a time prevailed in his favor has been chilled by the cold breath of Criticism, and his name is even now classed by his countrymen with those whose efforts to release themselves from the petty rules which cramped their genius, have effected little more than to elevate them for a season, above their contemporaries. An eminent connoisseur of the present day, however, in a depreciating and ill-natured comment on the painters of ancient and modern times, exhibits an almost idolatry for Turner, whom Cole called "the prince of evil spirits," and of whose paintings he remarked, "they may be fine, but they are not true."

This writer, notwithstanding his evidently excessive enthusiasm for Turner, has clearly developed the true principles and aim of the art, and has distinctly analysed the wide field of nature, whence Cole had already drawn some of the choicest scenes,

and transferred them in their original beauty and purity to the canvass. And, if any one excellence distinguishes Cole's productions, it is the constant, accurate use of the specific in distinction from the general. Not in the studio did *he* study nature, but in the noble forests of the western world, by the torrent side in the mountain glen, or amid the rocky summits of his own romantic home. He first drank deeply of the beauty of those scenes he painted, minutely dissected all the parts which composed it, examined it carefully from every point of view, and ever selected the most fitting medium and manner of expression. No fault in all the modern artists of Europe, so much displeased him, as that which is termed in painting, *generalization*—the painting the same flower for both the daisy and the lily; the same stream for the quiet brook and the noisy rivulet, sparkling and gurgling down the hill side; the same gorgeous hues for the winter as for the summer sky. And happy is it, that his contact with the living masters of the continent, and his reverential study of the greatest ancient works in the art, *strengthened* his first love for the earnest, the simple, and the true, and made him feel more strongly than ever that taught by Nature, he was taught aright. He worshipped ever after more devotedly than before, at the pure altar of Truth, offering ideality the incense to Truth, the deity. He sought to paint nature as she was; no tint was for him too *natural*, no shade too *real*. True, he did not always conform to the rules of Art, but it was because he dare not approach the majesty of Nature with them in his hands; he shrank from what seemed to him the impious attempt to make nature *better* than it *is*. Did he paint a cypress? he painted it as *such*, with trembling boughs, and gloomy shade, not merely as a tree with branches and foliage. He felt that Nature does not call those living monuments which she raises upon her swelling bosom, all by the same name, and paint them as one, he would not. He entered upon the work with pencil untrammelled by the rules of faulty artists, and a heart chastened by the hand of a kind Providence. His landscapes do not so much excite a feeling of his skill as an artist, for in his deep reverence for august nature he lost sight of himself, and thus they speak directly to the heart, moving it by their truthfulness and

freedom from the unreal. He felt that the canvass was untruly touched, if his own glory was all that it recorded. He at least does not need some "graduate of Oxford" who shall prove by analytical processes and philosophical disquisitions, that his landscapes are like nature. The only proof we give is evidence. We point to his well known productions, of which his "Tornado in the American Forest," his "Sunset on the Arno," and others still better known, exemplify his skill in blending the highest beauty with unmingled Truth, to such a degree of perfection, that in gazing upon the landscape we forget the artist, and thus unconsciously bear witness to its likeness to nature. But the untiring painter, although feeling confident that he had embodied the true principles of landscape painting, did not rest here. He began to clothe poetic imagery on the living beauty of nature. It was his favorite position, says Bryant, "that landscape painting was capable of the deepest moral interest, and deserved to stand second to no other department of the art." This position, when he had acquired the requisite knowledge and skill, he commenced to exemplify. And although he was removed from life in the prime of his activity, he has left us some sublime poetic conceptions, worthy Milton himself, which he has combined, and which form perfect poems in successive parts. Of this nature, bearing the stamp of almost supreme excellence, is his well known "Course of Empire," his "Voyage of Life," a "Poem without words," portrayed with consummate skill, and his grand, but unfinished masterpiece, "The Cross and the World." We can scarcely resist the temptation to dwell more fully upon these and others of the same design, but our limits of space and ability to do them justice, forbid. We would rather refer the reader to a most eloquent and appropriate eulogy on the life of this true poet painter, by Bryant, who was for a long time one of his most cordial friends. It may be assumed, that great artists are those who conceive and embody great ideas. And even, as Byron's "Manfred," is a faithful solution of that strange enigma of his life, so the poetic conception of Cole's "Voyage of Life," is thought by many to be less a creature of the imagination than a truthful delineation of his own career. It is, at least, one of those magnificent embodiments of thought,

which triumphantly vindicate his claim to the title of the *poet painter*. We are wont to estimate too lightly the intrinsic *value* of the true painter, and the power of his art to *teach* as well as please, to *instruct* and *benefit* as well as amuse and gratify.

Of that few, whose lives may safely challenge the closest scrutiny, and which irresistably convince us that a spirit kindred to inspiration itself, must have ruled them, whose fame was never tarnished by calumny, whose names were never breathed but with respect and love, and who have left endearing monuments of their genius, was Thomas Cole. We would not rank Cole higher than he deserves, at the expense of truth, which he so sincerely worshipped, nor under the influence of that misguided enthusiasm, which renders praise distasteful and unavailing, would we seek to elevate him above that eminence which his deeds have won him, and even, as the present now does, the future will assign him. In our wild, western forests his youth was spent, *here* he held frequent communings with nature, studying with delight the ever changing appearance of the seasons, those mellow tints which autumn gives, the gay, gladsome green of spring, and the endless variety of light and shade, which fitted him to become one of the first landscape painters in the world. And though in youth he was forced to struggle with opposing Fortune, who seems to have dispensed to him her frowns in lavish abundance, and to have added an excessive bashfulness withal, he so deeply loved the art, that he would not be baffled by any untoward combination of circumstances, but steadily unfolded those giant thoughts which ruled his soul, demanding and forcing utterance, and which have left an index to himself in his every production. The star is an emblem of frequent use, but nothing in nature is so appropriate a symbol of the poet painter Cole as this. Little more than eight months since, on the 13th of February, his gentle spirit, that mildly beaming star, which had so long lent its genial influence to the wild grandeur of the Catskill cliffs, calmly and peacefully rose from our view, to take its place, in the native realm of light and glory. It left an aching void, which we fondly though *vainly* strive to pierce. We can but turn our eyes earthward, and fix them on the canvass, upon which some of that star's love-

liest rays still linger, to light the beauty of its own creations. The beating of his noble heart, which was ever moved by the warmest feelings, ever actuated by the purest motives, is now hushed in death.

Amid those stately and majestic monuments of Nature, where he chose to dwell, his remains now lie, peaceful in death, as in life his spirit was serene.

If this brief tribute to his memory serve but to recall to the minds of those who have seen them, his matchless productions, or to excite those who have not, to go and gaze upon them, that in their memories this immortal American painter may still find new shrines, its aim will have been accomplished. Upon whom has his mantle fallen?

SECRET SOCIETIES.

ONE of the most marked peculiarities of the present age is the tendency to association. Men seem to be enchanted by the vast power gained by connecting themselves together in systematically organized bodies. And on account of the ready means of communication between different parts of the country, these connexions can be formed with wonderful ease and facility. In consequence of this, we see societies equaling in number and variety the objects which interest the community, covering with their complicated net-work, the length and breadth of our country, collecting from every village and every household, all the feeling which exists on any particular subject, and rendering it effective and important by concentration. Secret societies possess a great share of public patronage, and it is to these that I shall particularly direct my attention in this article. In our first glance at them we are sensible of some radical deficiency in their constitution. They are formed on the assumption that man is a selfish being; that he has no feelings of benevolence and compassion; that he will be unwilling to come to the aid of a sick brother, unless compelled by rules, which he knows will compel others to assist him,

when in a similar condition. Hence we see that these societies are built upon false and erroneous views of human nature.

But leaving out their pernicious social influence, I think it can be shown that Secret Societies are dangerous in a country like ours; where the government resting upon the people, wavers to and fro with its supporters. By this it must not be understood however that I take exception to the particular forms of these societies now existing, or to the particular manner in which they are conducted. I merely wish to show the possibility, and the probability of Secret Societies in general, being made to exercise an undue influence upon the government. Because the majority of the members of these societies, in our country will always be good citizens, it may be thought that consequently there is no need of apprehension lest they should intermeddle with the affairs of government; but although not fond of croaking about the dangers which threaten the future existence of our republic, I see no harm in examining into the tendency of institutions, which are so rapidly making their way into public favour. It is true I do not know how Secret Societies are at present regulated; it is presumable however that they bear some resemblance in plan and arrangement, to those heretofore existing; or even if they do not, it is certain that there is no reason why they could not be conducted in the same manner.

In the system of Masonry existing in France previous to the first revolution, there were no less than nine distinct degrees. The lowest was that of the Apprentice, who though he supposed himself acquainted with all the secrets of the society, in fact knew nothing of consequence. The ninth and highest degree was the terrible Kadosch, into which but few were admitted. The members who had attained to this degree, were acquainted with every thing relating to the society, and being superior in station, they were most influential in the general direction of affairs. These facts are sufficient to show us how a combination of citizens, generally upright, can be made to exercise a bad influence. When an individual is initiated into the first degree, he sees nothing to shock his feelings, but much to delight him. The apparent love existing between the brethren is displayed before him, and at

every step his ears are greeted with expressions of regard for mankind, and reverence for the truth. Having thus received a favourable impression of the institution, he is hereafter more disposed to make allowances for whatever inconveniences the bond of secrecy might occasion; considering these compensated for by the benefits received. He is then closely watched by his older brethren, and if he exhibits signs of being very much devoted to the interests of the society, the older members will cause him to pass through certain ceremonies, requiring some slight sacrifice of principle, and independent action, as initiating to another degree. If they see him performing every thing required without hesitation, they admit him to that degree, considering him sufficiently unscrupulous to be intrusted with its more startling and important secrets. In this manner an individual may be initiated deeper and deeper into the hidden principles of the highest degrees, at each step his willingness to sacrifice the good of the "profane" to the interests of the association being tested in a manner that will leave no doubt of his fidelity. I will not undertake to suggest what the initiatory steps to every degree should be in order to see how far the conscience of the new member will permit him to go. All that is necessary however is to contrive some crime, which the applicant for an acquaintance with the "grand mysteries," will be required to commit in defence of his brethren; and his readiness to commit this crime will indicate his worthiness of a higher station. By making the terms of admission into each successive degree, more severe than the preceding, the ingress of an undrilled and promiscuous crowd into the higher degrees will be prevented. Having passed through such ordeals, it is easy to conceive what will be the character of those who have at length reached the Grand Arcanum; the select few, whose devotion to the society has carried them through every hazard; who stand as if on an eminence, looking far and wide over the whole extent of their association, themselves unseen, and laughing with contempt at the folly of the inferior members in allowing themselves to be gulled by the specious names of fraternity and benevolence without the reality. These are the men who would be most influential in governing and directing the other degrees. I

know that equality has long been the boast of the advocates of Secret Societies, but what equality can exist between the mass, who are acquainted with the general secret, and the lesser mysteries only, and the few who are versed in the darkest secrets of the Occult lodges, and are perfectly familiar with the principles and objects of the association in all their various ramifications? It is true, that the liberty of voting may be enjoyed by each one; but it is as absurd to suppose that the influence exercised by each, will be equal, as it is to conclude that because the elective franchise is granted to ignorant day-labourers in common with Webster, Clay and our other great men; that therefore their power is equal. An important difference, however, obtains, between the prominent men of a Secret Society and those of a nation. The former have gained their authority by the sacrifice of principle; the latter by merit and by the exhibition of an ardent philanthropy. We see then that under the empty appearance of equality of rights, a secret society can be ruled by an aristocracy as artful, as vicious and as unprincipled as ever blasted the fair face of the earth.

Thus I have given the character of such a society as could exist even in our land of enlightened liberty and correct principles. Many may think the representation overwrought; but if it is so, the danger is lessened, but not removed. The members of the societies now existing may deny that the character of these institutions, is at all similar to that of the one just portrayed. They may speak the truth, as far as their knowledge extends, but are we sure that they themselves are acquainted with all that is done in the society? And even if they are, what surety have we, that a society such as has been described, will not, at some future period spring out of one of the many now existing. All that remains now is to show how the influence of a secret association of the above character, would be dangerous.

The rapid increase of population in our country is known to all, so that it is not necessary to stop to prove it, by reference to statistics, and when, in a few years, Washington shall be the capitol of a country, whose population of a hundred millions, shall be made up of deputations from all the various nations of the world,

is it certain that we will then have no times of distraction, and uncertainty; when the precarious state of the Union and our liberties will render them vulnerable to every assailant? At such a time it is but reasonable to suppose, that the aristocracy who have attained to the highest place in a Secret Society, by their utter renunciation of principle, would use the mighty power they possessed, to carry out their own principles in regard to government. They would certainly be able to effect important changes, standing at the head of an organization, compact, and extending over the whole country, they would be able to communicate their views to every part of it instantaneously, by means of telegraphed ciphers. And that they will be able to influence the actions of large portions of well meaning citizens will be evident when we consider, how ready people are in times of uncertainty and universal consternation, to imbibe any opinions that are suggested to them. He then we see the principle of secrecy fairly tested, and the consequences naturally flowing from it, traced to the catastrophe itself. The mere fact of the existence of Secret Societies in our country affords good grounds for disquietude; for while we know nothing of their real character; we do know that it is possible that a Secret Society of citizens generally upright, should exist, which by its stability and compactness, might at certain times be more powerful than the government itself. R.

THE STUDENT:

VOLUME SECOND.

THE STUDENT—ABROAD.

(Chapts. to suit the imagination of the Reader.)

"In Venice, there
The royster flaunted in his rich brocade." LOST TRAGEDY.

THE scene is changed. Our vast metropolis with its thousands of spires and tens of thousands of inhabitants, opens on our view, where the palace of the wealthy looks scornfully down upon the mean hovel of the pauper, where vice and virtue stare each other

1848.]

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in the face, where the pampered child of Fortune walks side by side with the gaunt and emaciated victim of destitution, the rich dress of the millionaire brushes against the begrimed rags of the beggar, and the daughter of innocence and chastity trips by the wretch of infamy and shame.

Night has hushed the quick pantings of active business—the din, the bustle, the discord of the day—and lulled the city into the long and regular breathings which precede the sound slumber. Streams of human beings no longer rush with the impetuosity of the angry rapid and meet with the fierce recoil, the surging breaker, but sweep slowly by each other, with an easy swell. Upon one of these imaginary tides let us suffer ourselves to be borne, until arriving at the stately edifice of the Italian Opera Company, where a big-lettered placard informs all whom it may concern, that “*Il Shimiodani*” is to be done up by the inimitable *Senor Romalinino* and the sweet nightingale *Senorina Guadiana Rosalie Puriskini*, assisted by their unparalleled Troupe. We are rather late; the orchestra is performing a most incomprehensibly intricate but ecstatically ravishing *Fantasia*, and the house is crowded from pit to dome. The first tier, balcony and parquette bear no small resemblance to a luxuriant garden, kissed by a gentle breeze, where Beauty in her rich attire may represent the rose, the lily and the violet—the diamond, the ruby and the opal may take the place of the dewdrops reflecting the varied tints of the flowers—the ever busy fan, the humming birds—damsel and butterflies poisoning themselves before the opening bud—and the confused whisper, the buzz of the honey-bee as he flits from chalice to chalice, gathering his sweet burthen.

The bell rings—the curtain rises—the full blast of “the unparalleled,” led by “the sweet nightingale” and “the inimitable,” bursts upon the ear; the audience is breathless, the nightingale, (evidently with the design of making a deeper impression) steps forward to the foot-lights, rolls up her eyes to the ceiling and convulsively clasps her hands, when some one in the boxes, seemingly carried away with delirious rapture, audibly ejaculates “*Ravishing!*” Every opera glass is turned in the direction whence the exclamation proceeded, where sat, unconscious of the

sensation he had created, our hero Terry, in the very extreme of a splurge. He had come to Rome and was resolved to do as Romans do, but being unacquainted with the Italian, and not wishing to appear so, because it was unfashionable, he hit upon the plan of giving the performers his undivided attention, determining whenever they smiled, to laugh heartily, and whenever they appeared solemn, to feign tears. In the instance before us, seeing the nightingale step to the foot-lights and clasp her hands, and concluding she must be singing something good or she would not make so much ado about it, he took occasion to utter the commendatory epithet, which rendered him "the observed of all observers."

A friend seated by his side, astonished at Terry's appreciation of the effort, as soon as the excitement had in a great measure abated, confidentially whispered him, "What did she say?"

"Don't know," innocently replied Terry in the same tone of voice.

"Don't know!" said his friend with astonishment, "I thought you understood every word of—what did you applaud for?"

"No, didn't comprehend a single syllable. She might as well have sung Gibberish or Chinese. I applauded because she looked as if she was singing something extraordinary and because it is fashionable to pretend to know everything," replied Terry, giving his standing collar a peculiarly graceful twitch.

The response was conclusive, and faithful to his resolution, he continued to award the meed of approbation whenever an opportunity would occur, without giving his "whys" and "wherefores" for so doing.

The curtain fell and rose, and rose and fell—a grand chorus concluded the performance which was received with unbounded applause, when Terry, tapping his friend on the shoulder, whispered in his ear, "Come, let's go down to Florence's; Italian operas may be fashionable, but they are at the same time intolerably dry." The request was acceded to, their thirst was quenched, and our hero returned to the hotel, perfectly satisfied he had personated the Proficient to the infinite admiration of the entire audience.

Thus did he while away his nights: during the day he could have been found sitting in the Reading Room, indulging in his favourite enjoyment, smoking, or promenading Broadway—the beholder and beheld. We will not follow him in the varied round of his amusements, but allow the reader to do what he chooses with him, until a week shall have elapsed, when shifting the scene, we will introduce all those who have not tired of following us, to the parlours of a wealthy gentleman, Mr. Bomire, where a ball was being held, nor will we stop to comment upon the gorgeous furniture, curtains of the richest plush damask, mirrors extending from floor to ceiling, divans and ottomans of the most exquisitely embroidered satin, chandeliers hung with mother of pearl, and Imperial carpet yielding to the lightsome foot-fall, but come jump upon the guest in the gayest dash of the dance.

The merry laugh, the joyous smile, the elastic step declares the spirits of all to be leaping in the full romp of pleasure. Formality had thrown off its chilling stiffness—the coy Beauty frankly yields her hand (and heart seems to accompany it) to her partner in the giddy whirl, and even staid mothers, living over again the days of their girlhood, rejoice in the sumptuous gala.

Into such festive hilarity Terry had been ushered a stranger among the strange, and after paying his devoirs to the lady hostess, by a bow, which would have challenged the admiration and envy even of the renowned Brummel, retired to an alcove, where he might be an unobserved spectator of the glad company. Diffidence in the presence of the fairer sex and susceptibility to their charms, were with him either natural inconveniences or had been superinduced by forbearance of their society. He looked—but blushed being looked at—and each laughing girl, as she glided thoughtlessly by him, elicited his adoration and his love. The perfumed gallant, forgetful of his own bashful novitiate, regarded him with sneers and curling lip; but the more just and more generous, appreciating the true cause of his awkward embarrassment, venturing upon his privacy, plied him with a thousand encouraging questions, which met with as many monosyllabic replies. Mothers and fathers clustering round him laboured to talk him into affability and succeeded only so far as to induce disyllables,

and every now and then a common-place, cold, formal observation upon what was passing about them, when a portly, grey-haired gentleman more intelligent of a specific for wordlessness, offering his arm, escorted him to the opposite side of the room and introduced him to his daughter—a beautiful, blue-eyed, damask-cheeked blonde. Seated by her side, he began the conversation with his eyes, which looked most eloquently; while she, from tender sympathy, became curiously talkative. Anon "Princeton" was named, when Terry, recovering his self-possession, launched into a most graphic description of the mysteries and miseries of the student's life—of its toils, its hardships and its dull monotony, the colloquy became animated and reserve was warmed into the congenialities of a long established intimacy.

Through dance, and waltz, and march, and the varied entertainments of the evening he conducted his fair partner—captivated, entranced, perfectly enamoured of her graces and fascination. His susceptibility had been stormed and carried—and he resolved upon seeking the first opportunity of giving utterance to his excess of feeling, of telling her of his sweet little homestead in the sunny south, of the jessamine twining about the lattice of the room that should be hers—of the Magnolia groves and richest Pomegranate—of the rill, the rivulet and all, that could lend attractions to a scene, when Love might choose to live and die, harmonious even in Death, in a manner more touchingly passionate than Melnotte, and of swearing unalterable fidelity more fervently than Romeo, more religiously than courtly.

The wished-for opportunity was soon afforded him. The lady, fatigued by the uninterruptedness of excitement had retired to a divan placed near a window at the extremity of the room. He grasped at it as a godsend and was soon at her side, but destiny was against him, for at the very moment when a confession would have been (if at any time?) warrantable, the servant announced the arrival of Mr. Mortimer.

"Excuse me, Mr. Tilston," said she rising, "'tis my husband."

Terry was confounded. "Husband—wife—married!" he mentally ejaculated. 'Twas too much—he awaited not her return, but taking a hasty leave of all present, wild with disappointment,

rushed back to the Hotel; where, throwing himself upon a lounge, grieved himself to a sleepless sleep.

On next morning he found upon his table a letter of recall; writing a short note to his hospitable entertainer excusing himself for the required *visit*, he took passage in the morning train for Princeton.

END OF SECOND VOLUME.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The Magazine's late being published! So it is; whose fault is it? Not yours. Not mine! No; the whole weight of censure must fall upon the head of that officious, meddlesome, never-to-be sufficiently execrated, anathematized and excommunicated personage, Nobody. Now, Mr. Nobody, we were just about honoring you with an opprobrious epithet—but we won't; no, we won't; you are too insignificant, too unworthy the consideration of any respectable individual, so we pass you by in utter contempt.

SUBSCRIBER—(indignantly)—Stop, my dear sir, stop! you can't shirk your patrons in that manner; the arraignment is lodged against you. We appointed you to the chair editorial, and you, by the acceptance of the dignity, tacitly bound yourself to publish seasonably.

EDITOR—(complacently)—Correct, sir, correct, *verbatim et literatim!* We *did* promise to publish—but what? articles of your composition, of which, when we receive a sufficient number, the Magazine is issued instantane.

SUBSCRIBER—(ironically)—Ha, ha, ha! capital idea that, capital! Be so kind as to inform me (if you will so far condescend,) what in the world is your duty, if 'tis not to fill up your number, for I must acknowledge myself totally unable to comprehend.

EDITOR—(endeavouring to keep cool)—Much, sir, much! Allow me to impress upon your mind, in the most gentlemanly manner imaginable, the fact that you have been hood-winked. The Editor must solicit contributions, which, after much importunity, some, more generous than the rest, vouchsafe him. He must incommode himself so far as to walk to the post-office three times a day, to stare at an empty box. The monotony is rarely varied, but when it is, we rush with beating heart to the pigeon-hole, pay the postage, (for our contributors usually have shocking bad memories,) tear open the document and find it a learned dissertation upon "Man," or some illegible scrawl, seemingly made up of a concatenation of cabalistic characters or hieroglyphs, which, when deciphered, results in a disquisition upon "Virtue" or "Theoretical Modisms" or some other equally "stale, flat and unprofitable" subject. Such are the themes on which our contributors love to exercise their transcendent abilities and from such "useless gardens" as these he must make a selection, which made, you are dissatisfied. Now, sir, tell me candidly, if our Magazine attains not the standard of excellence, which you have established for yourself, do you justly reprove us? or would you be content with such publications?

SUBSCRIBER—(evidently becoming convinced of his error)—No siree, without a box of Regalia and a basket of Chambertin accompanied them! But, why not compose for it yourself?

EDITOR—(philosophically confidential)—Little do you understand human nature, sir. Our duty is to exercise the discriminating, not the inventive power of mind—this everybody knows, however so much they pretend to be ignorant of it—and should we venture upon the latter, and thrust upon you effusions of our own, you would raise a hue and cry, denouncing that editor, who, taking advantage of his position, would monopolize the thirty-six pages, or even a part of them, to the exclusion and disparagement of your efforts. The Magazine must come out, you scorn treatise on "Ambition," and "Friendship," what must we do? To deal frankly with you, sir, we are sometimes compelled, however reluctantly, to employ the expedient you have suggested and endure the maledictions of the disappointed and the captious.

SUBSCRIBER—(perfectly convinced of his error)—'Tis a hard case.

EDITOR—(warming with indignation)—'Tis more than hard, sir; 'tis uncharitable, 'tis ungenerous; if our number be judged favorably of, you readily grasp at the credit and wear the laurels, but if condemned and harshly criticised, shifting the blame upon the Editor, you join in the general denunciation of him as indolent, faithless to your trust and traitor to your interests. Each one fathers his own production, if it make a hit; but should it be deemed senseless, then the authorship lies between the Editor and nobody. You are as fully aware, sir, of the truth of these remarks as we are, for you know men are ever more ready to censure than to praise, deeming eulogy upon the works of others tantamount to an acknowledgment of their own inferiority, and censure the infallible index of superiority. Critics are, by no means, exceptions to this unchristian rule, and every day brings us additional verifications of the couplet,

"Men serve their time at every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made."

SUBSCRIBER—(beginning to take an interest in matters)—They *should* do better.

EDITOR—(enthusiastically)—They *must* do better. They *must* write for us, and thus become entitled to pass judgment on us. We have at present "on the Roll" as good minds as any similar institution can boast of—minds which can display themselves in the lighter or graver paths of literature in a manner not unworthy of older heads, who can instruct or amuse; who can —

SUBSCRIBER—(discovering symptoms of a deeper interest)—why dont they?

EDITOR—(retiring behind his own justification)—"Aye, there's the rub!" ask *them*, not *me*. The old thread-bare excuse, "hadn't time," "didn't know there was a lack of articles," "thought the number was full," will be thrown in your face. This, sir, is what an editor must do—do you envy him?

SUBSCRIBER—(subsiding into himself)—Envy! no, sir.

EDITOR—(conscious of having omitted something)—Stop, sir, stop! you haven't as yet been fully initiated; take a seat at our table and hear us read over, and comment upon "the rejected addresses."

SUBSCRIBER—(astonished beyond all bounds)—What! this mountain heap of manuscripts! Read over all these! No, sir, thank you; I would prefer declining the privilege. You don't actually mean to tell me, you have been obliged to read over all these, do you? Gammon!

EDITOR—(settling down into desperation)—Yes, sir, not only read them, but re-read them; the first reading to decipher the character and catch a glimpse of the idea conveyed—the second to judge of their merits. But sit down, sir, and stumble through a few of them with us. This article which we hold in our hand is a precious gem—a curiosity for the Bibliomania—its author "Duncan," entitles it "The Rationality of Intellect," and thus com-

mences: "By the esoteric Rationality is deemed transcendently sublimated above the other potentials of mind, but"—

SUBSCRIBER—(gasping for breath)—Whew-who, "a second Daniel come to judgment!"

EDITOR—(composedly)—Duncan, this is the simplest sentence in your lengthy production; permit us to give you a word of advice—Dimness is not deepness, any more than a muddy stream is of necessity a deep stream, and metaphysics is not the science of using sesquipedalian terms and confounding common sense. Don't dabble in it any more, your mind is not sufficiently matured; attempt something lighter, and you may attain mediocrity, but eschew, as your bitterest enemy, all essays at profundity.

SUBSCRIBER—(good humoredly)—Don't flatter the gentleman, call his production a heterogeneous compound of absurdity. Advise him to select "The Horse," and I'll wager a supper he calls it by every other name but a horse.

EDITOR—(looking as wise as a Pedagogue)—Not quite so harshly, sir, we must criticize to reform not to crush. The next article is "The tomb of Virgil" by S. Mr. S. we have two quite serious objections to presenting you with a ticket for admission. Firstly, Because your production is not sufficiently elaborated; and secondly, because it resembles too strikingly a composition to be read before the class or an attempt at a speech, which being unworthy of open-parentage, you have thrust upon us. We cannot insert such self-rejections.

SUBSCRIBER—(discovering unqualified satisfaction)—Good, no Class essays, no speeches, it looks too much like "catching at straws," or "the forlorn hope."

EDITOR—(satisfied of the truth of the remark, wriggles in his chair)—Fact, sir, fact, but nevertheless we are sometimes obliged to lean upon props not much more substantial than straws, and induced to entertain hopes of something better, which ultimately prove forlorn. This is an effusion for a gentleman who signs himself "a member of the Society for the suppression of College Bores, &c.," wherein he compares the exquisitely delicious performances of our few musicians, to all the Calathumpians in creation, all the "pits of theatres"—the caterwaulings of the feline race, "the mingled brayings of all ill-treated asses," &c. &c.

SUBSCRIBER, (evidently roused beyond all reasonable bounds.) Don't, don't say any more, sir,—What! our Paganinis, Ole Bulls, and Nortons, to be insulted, sir, in that manner, sir. No, sir; when the full concert of our fiddlers, fluters and cornetteers, breathes through the entries of Old North, the very walls seem glad, and shake themselves for joy. He has no soul for music, sir, and should not expose his ignorance.

EDITOR, (waxing tired)—Keep cool, sir. "De gustibus non disputandum," we reject the production, not in consideration of the sentiment, but because it lacks evidence of the "labor limæ." Fall back you sickly prozers, and make room for the poetical beggars to approach our Table. Come along "Ebenezer," with your "Lines by one hard up for a Julip," as you are the most respectable looking one among them all, we will listen to you first.

"In Old Virginia's southern clime,
Great Jove to prove himself divine,
A sweetly fragrant herb did place
Which men with name of mint do grace,
When red-men held the blooming land,
Mint unregarded used to stand;
But when the pale-face crossed the flood,
He mixed it with the grape's red blood,

And it became a sovereign cure,
For all the ill poor men endure,
For who e'er quaffed the Julip's tide,
And cared if ill or woe betide."

Bravo, "Ebenezer;" very like a whale—an Anacroon, we mean! and we fear you have drawn your inspiration from the same source. You have been sleeping amid the fumes of Parnassus, not the mists of Helicon. Try how a nap will succeed upon the other mount.

SUBSCRIBER, (waxing more tired and smacking his lips)—Oh! for a Julip.
EDITOR, (becoming sensible of Morpheus's poppies)—Step forward, Mr. Red Ribbon, with "The Spectro Battle, an Allegory," and read as distinctly as possible.

The moon's bright beam falls on the stream
The rippling waves run laughing in the shore.
'Neath night's cowl, the solemn owl,
On the *gushing* winds, her notes loud, hooting *pore*;
The moon serene as maiden pale
Drags slow along her midnight trail;
In her baldric gleams afar,
Palely the twinkling star;
The heavens high is tinselled *o're*,
On hill and dale soft radiance *pore*;
As in the brain scope holds the rein,
Printing the days in morning rays.

Red Ribbon, your muse, in her hurry to secure a berth in the American steamer, evidently forgot her orthography and dictionary, and we rather suspect, in the bustle of embarking and debarking, her garments became a little begrimed and brainaddled. We can't see the gist of the four concluding lines; but that may not be strange, for we confess ourselves no judge of such ghostly poetry, or if we had been, this "tinselled," and "radiance" and "rays" would have blinded us. Request a second visitation and allow her an abundance of time (as all ladies require) to prepare her travelling wardrobe and knick-knacks.

SUBSCRIBER—(becoming more sensible of Morpheus's poppies)—Oh! nonsense, don't make so much palaver about the article—the author's muse was some Goblin—which came very near frightening him out of his wits.

EDITOR—(perceptibly nodding)—March up, you modest, nameless bard! what have you to say? *Went to church last Sunday—saw a beautiful fairy. Did you—well, what more? Fell in love with her. Nothing strange; she did not reciprocate the passion? No but*

"One beautiful picture my memory preserves,
And the joys it affords me are many.
I don't know her, but surely such devotion deserves,
That at length I should come to know *****"

To be sure it does; and had you have made us acquainted with the fair Dulcinea's name, we would have informed her of the sincerity and depth of your adoration, and the natural consequence would have been a billet-doux.

SUBSCRIBER—(more perceptibly nodding)—No more, "an you love me, Hal"—throw the remainder in the fire, so that we may see our way clearly to the land of dreams—for I'm off.

EDITOR—(evidently intending to accompany him)—Ditto. Morpheus, I'm thine.